

NAME: Seike, Shinichi DATE OF BIRTH: 1/31/1888 PLACE OF BIRTH: Ehime
Age: 86 Sex: M Marital Status: _____ Education: High School & University

PRE-WAR:

Date of arrival in U.S.: 4/1908 Age: 21 M.S. _____ Port of entry: Seattle
*Occupation/s: 1. Railroad Worker 2. Flagman 3. Farmer 4. Greenhouse *
Place of residence: 1. Colburn, Idaho 2. Seattle, Wash. 3. _____
Religious affiliation: Christian Church
Community organizations/activities: _____

EVACUATION: * Worker 5. Store Laborer 6. Store Owner/Nursery Business

Name of assembly center: _____

Name of relocation center: Heart Mountain, Wyoming

**Dispensation of property: House & Furnitures - rented Names of bank/s: _____

Jobs held in camp: 1. _____ 2. _____

Jobs held outside of camp: Shipping & Packing (In Chicago)

Left camp to go to: Chicago, Illinois

POST-WAR:

** Store - Closed up; Nursery - Leased

Date returned to West Coast: _____

Address/es: 1. Chicago, Illinois 2. Seattle, Washington

3. _____

Religious affiliation: Christian Church

Activities: 1. President of "Gold Star"

3. _____

If deceased, date, place and age at time of death: _____

Name of interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe Date: 5/20/74 Place: Seattle, Wash.

Translator: Tacko Hernandez

NAME: Mr. Shinichi Seike

AGE: 86 years old

DATE OF BIRTH: 1888

PLACE OF BIRTH: Ehime Ken

YEAR OF ENTRY INTO THE USA: 1908

MAJOR OCCUPATION: Business Man

CAMP: Heart Mountain

DATE OF INTERVIEW: May 20, 1974

PLACE OF INTERVIEW: Seattle, Washington

INTERVIEWER: Heihachiro Takarabe

TRANSLATOR: Tayeko Hernandez

Q: Please tell me your name first.

A: My name is Shinichi Seike. I was born in Doi-mura, Higashiuba Gun, Ehime en.

Q: Oh, Ehime Ken? When were you born?

A: I was born on Jan. 31, in Meiji 21 (1888), so I am 86 years old this year.

Q: You are healthy, aren't you!

A: I can still drive a car.

Q: That's really something! Do you have some material that you wrote? Shall I let you read it first?

A: It's just a brief record, since I forget easily.

Q: First, I am going to ask about your home where you were born. You were born in Ehime Ken, and?

A: Yes, my home was in the real contry, and I was brought up there. When I was at the age of 16, I started to go to the Yahata Commercial High School which was 13 to 14 ri (about 2.5 mi) away from the house. My family was poor. This was about 60 years ago. In those days in the rural area, only rich people sent their sones to high school, and the rest didn't. But my mother strongly believed that she had to send me to high school at any cost. At that time, we were suffering from poverty because my father had failed in a big project and gone bankruptcy. She thought

that she had to send me to the school only because of being poor, and insisted, "I am going to send Shinichi to the school by all means even if I have to eat nothing." There was a rich family living in our neighborhood that happened to be our relative. Every time she went to the house to apologize that we could not make a payment for the debt, she took me with her. I still remember that she used to apologize, saying, "We cannot make a payment now, so please give us some more time," putting her hands and forehead on tatami floor, crying. I could imagine that my parents were greatly suffering from poverty, but they thought they had to have me educated. They went to one of their relatives, very rich and some business successfully, to borrow the money for my education. Even they, being rich, were not sending their children to high school.

Being in the country, it was 14 to 15 ri away from the town, that was almost the same distance from here to Tacoma. It cost quite a bit of money to send children to the high school there because of boarding cost and so on. Everybody opposed to her idea, but my mother strongly insisted on my going to the school, and sent me to Yahata Commercial High School. Receiving a 4 year education there, I went back home, although I didn't have any particular job since it was such a rural area.

deeded to California State University Sacramento Library Archives and Special Collections Department January 8, 2001 for inclusion in that Department's Japanese American Archival Collection. (See IOHP Deed of Gift Oral History: Transcripts to CSUS Library, January 8, 2001). Oral and written releases of information were obtained from respondents who agreed to have the tapes translated into English for research purposes. These legal releases are on file at SAMCC.

IV. NOTES ON THE USE OF TRANSLATED ORAL HISTORIES.

Use of translated oral histories of elderly Issei for research purposes requires special consideration in terms of historical or experiential accuracy. Linguistic issues arise when a translator more fluent in Japanese than English, may misinterpret what is reported. Also, an Issei respondent is likely to use English terms or place names with Japanese pronunciation and a translator unfamiliar with such a term may compound the error. For example, as there is no "L" sound in Japanese, Walerga Assembly Center may be translated as Waraga, and Melrose Avenue is translated as "Mary Rose" Avenue.

Oral histories may be viewed more appropriately as "memoirs" or remembered events rather than reportage of what "really happened." Individuals tend to be selective about what they remember and things are reported from one's own perspective. In addition, memories may dim over the years. Issei respondents reflect values, attitudes and behavior of Japan's Meiji era, 1867-19²1². More than 100 years of cross-cultural differences exist between Issei respondents and Western researchers of the twenty-first century. Some respondents refer to experiences so "embarrassing" or "shameful" that they have never revealed them to anyone, even family members, until they revealed them to an interviewer. Readers of the oral histories, therefore, may fail to view a reported event in kind or degree as expressed by a respondent.

V. SCOPE OF THE COLLECTION

A. The collection consists of two sets of documents.

1. Original documents (typewritten oral history transcripts and Index Cards

My family was still in poverty. At that time, going to America was prevalent among people, but in my village, not so many people could get the visa while quite a few visas were being issued to the people near the city of Yahata as you can see that quite a few Japanese in Seattle are from Yahata. Thinking that I might be able to get a visa if I had gone to Yahata, I put my name on the Kiryu family register, since my friend Kiryu said, "Come to my place. You may be able to get a visa if you apply it from my family." I tried it this way, in vain. My father wanted me to go to America to make money to pay the debt off. I tried so hard in various ways to get the visa, but I couldn't. So I applied for an immigrant visa to Hawaii, since it was also popular then. But the policeman who came to my house to research about myself reported that he did not admit me as an immigrant. I was having a hard time in obtaining the visa. When I was going to the high school, I had the English teacher from Sendai named Ouchi. He became the manager of the Rikko-Kai Association in Tokyo whose president was Kihei Shimazaki.

Quite a few members of the Rikko-Kai were going to America. I wrote him a letter and said, "I would like to go to America. What would you think of this idea?" He told me to come to Tokyo, so I went to Tokyo at once. At that time, it cost quite a bit to go to

Tokyo, and I hesitated for a moment. But I managed to borrow money to go to Tokyo, and began to board at Mr. Ouchi's house. At that time, there was an Association called Rikko-Kai and they were sending quite a few people to the U.S. and South America. The president, Mr. Shimazaki was quite a man in Japan equal to Mr. Gunpei Yamamura. He was from Sendai, and founded the Rikko-kai whose purpose was to send immigrants to overseas. He thought that the Christian education had to be given to them before going abroad, he had a big, fine hall built and advertised the association loudly. Quite a few youth gathered to his place. He didn't have any money when he had the big hall built, but he believed that with the religious faith he could solve the money problem anyway because of the mercy of God. I heard that he had had a hard time being accused by the contractors of the building. He was suffering from T.B. and often coughed out blood, I heard. He was a great man in educating the youth, and sending them not only to the U.S. but South America. Quite a few of them are still living in those places. I, myself, went to Tokyo, looking to Mr. Ouchi for help. There were various homes such as the Betania Home, where 5 to 8 people boarded. They did their cooking or the landlady cooked for them. I, myself, was boarding at Mr. Ouchi's house and attending the Rikko-kai. I was in the association about one year and a half to

almost two years. We had a five minute private interview with Mr. Shimazaki in the morning. A list of order of the interviews was made up. This interview should be only for 5 minutes. I had seen him twice during my stay there. He encouraged me saying, "How are you doing?" He was a minister of Nihon Kiristo Kyodan (Japanese United Church of Christ). Of course there was a church in Rikko-kai, but it was not the real one since Rikko-kai was an association. It had English teachers. Various subjects were set to be taught. Quite a few youth from all around Japan gathered. One time, when I was there, about 150 to 200 people gathered. There was a big hall for them. The purpose of the Kai was to encourage and lead the youth to Christianity and send them to overseas.

For brides, a special system to educate them was arranged. These were the intentions of Mr. Shimazaki, and I was arranged. These were the intentions of Mr. Shimazaki, and I was one of those who were trained and educated by him. I heard that he had coughed out blood some times, but he said, "I won't die even I coughed out blood, because I believe in Christianity. I'll keep on going to the end." He was quite a spirited man. During the interview, he said, "I heard that you would like to go to America. Do you know anybody helpful?" I said, "Yes, I do." He said, "What kind of acquaintance is he?" I had a relative who was a member of the Diet.

When I was in the Kai the Diet was convoked and he happened to be in Tokyo. His name was Mr. Watanabe. So I said, "He has come to Tokyo from my prefecture." He said, "That's very good. Go to see him." There was a discount cable-car running around 7 O'clock in the morning. I got up really early in the morning to take it. The Dietman was staying at a big hotel, and wasn't getting up before 10 O'clock in the morning. I put on hakama took the cable-car, got to the hotel early in the morning, and waited for him. I explained my idea and said that I would like to go to America. He said, "I see. I know the governor of Ehime ken very well." He was elected a member of the Diet from the Ken (prefecture. Also my high school mate was a secretary for the governor, Mr. Saionji. He said, "I am writing a letter to Saionji at once. Send in the application that you would like to go to America. I'll write and ask him to issue a passport to you. Send in the application at once." In those days, the conditions to issue the passports to America were very strict.

You had to have a guarantor in the U.S. to take care of you when you got sick. They were investigating very closely into these conditions, and if you didn't meet the conditions, you could not go to the U.S.. Fortunately, Mr. Watanabe, the Dietman became the

guarantor of myself. Also the father of one of my friends, Mr. Shiba, who was a dealer in wine and very rich, became my guarantor. With these two guarantors I sent in the application. I was enrolled at the Meiji University in Tokyo, because they would not issue a passport to those who were not going to school. In case they came to investigate my situation, I had to be boarding at quite a place. Mr. Shimazaki asked the elder of his church to let me board at his house. He said, "You don't have to live in his house. It will do if we have his maid tell the policeman that the person named Shinichi Seike is boarding at the house in case he came to investigate." Thus, I was enrolled at the Meiji University, started to go to the University, arranged to look like I was boarding at this influential man and elder, and sent in the application for the passport.

Less than one month, the passport was issued to me. I wrote to my home that I obtained the passport. They didn't do any investigation on me, since I applied for it with the Dietman's recommendation. I those days it cost quite a bit of money to go back to my home from Tokyo about 30 to 50 Yen, although I don't remember exactly. I wrote to my father and said, "I finally got my passport. I am leaving for America on this day. Shall I come back home to say farewell or not?" My mother wrote to me and told me to come

to come home, but it cost a lot of money to go back home, so I decided to leave Japan for America without going back home. Everybody that was studying at Rikko-kai in Tokyo worked, his way through school, delivering newspapers or milk, working as a navvy to earn money for lodging and personal expenses. I, myself, worked as a navvy riding on a water wheel when a bridge was being thrown in Ochamomizu area.

Since it was costly for those who had come from the country to live in Tokyo, everybody worked this way to earn his own expenses. I stayed there for one and a half year, working and earning my personal expenses. It was in 1908 that I came to America. In the church in Kanda, they used to have a service in the morning and in the evening, and I earnestly attended the services since I was trying very hard to go to America. Before leaving for the U.S., I was baptized by Mr. Shimazaki at the Nihon Church of Christ in Mitatsuji-Cho, Kanda. A group of 16 people or so including myself came to the U.S. together.

Q: ~~Where~~ they also from the Kai?

A: Yes, 16 people from Rikko-Kai came to America together. At that time, the members of Rikko-kai used to go to various places to preach Christianity, beating a drum like the Salvation Army does. We talked the people about Christianity. Some strongly

opposed to us. When we, a group of 20 to 30 people, visited a place to preach, carrying a big lantern on which the letters of Rikko-kai were drawn, beating a drum, some people threw stones to us, disparaging roundly. We, realizing that it was too dangerous, ran away from the place and got back. This happened two, or three times. Thus, was living in Tokyo, receiving lessons from Mr. Shimazaki, being engaged in mission, helping some office works. In April of 1908, we, a group of 16 people, left for the U.S. by the small boat named Iyo-Maru. It took 17 to 18 days to get here in those days. When we got together on deck and were holding a service, singing hymns, quite a few Christians among the 300 people on board began to gather to join us from nowhere, made a circle, and we could hold such a splended service every morning. Being young, we were spiritful. Since I was the oldest-timer of the group, I became the chairman.

We successfully held services, sang hymns, and visited the people to talk about Christianity on the boat. It was the time that I was 21 years old. Thus, I came to America. Having been trained very hard by Mr. Shimazaki in Tokyo, having been able to understand Christianity to some degree, I did my best even on the boat. In 1907, a severe depression attacked the U.S., and the people were having a hard time to make a living. The year we came to the U.S., in 1908

jobs started to be available again gradually.

Q: Did you come to Seattle directly?

A: Yes, I did. I landed at Seattle. Mr. Yoshioka interpreted for me when I was checked by Immigration officers there. My turn came. In those days we had to have guarantee money of \$50 with us to enter the U.S.. We lent \$50 to those who didn't have so that everybody had the \$50 in his pocket when we were checked by the Immigration officers. My turn came. He asked me some questions such as what I was going to do in the U.S.. Mr. Yoshioka interpreted for me conveniently, and I just agreed, saying, "Yes, that's right."

Thus I was able to go through the Immigration office without any problems. There was a chapter of Rikkokai in Seattle, and those who had come from Japan could stay at its boarding house on a high hill in Jackson. Now, it is leveled and there is no slope at all, but in those days it used to be a tall hill where cable cars were running. I started to live in the boarding house, and went out to find a job. There was a company named Tohyoh Boheki (Tohyoh Trading Co.) dealing with contract works such as railroad workers. I went to the company and asked if they had a job for me. They said, "Yes, we do. Go to this place to work." We, the group of 7 to 8

who had just come to the U.S., decided to take the job--working for a railroad company. It was the time that a job was barely available. We were paid 10¢ an hour and worked for 10 hours a day. We also had to work on Sundays, although they didn't pay us our overtimes work even on Sundays; you were paid one dollar for working 10 hours on Sunday.

Having been given a job at the section of Colburn in Idaho, which was about 400 miles from Seattle, we went to the town. I wonder how long we, the group of 7 to 8, stayed there, being paid so low--10¢ an hour. Our foreman was a white man who constantly stayed with us. Some seniors started to say that picking daikon (Japanese raddishes) up would pay us much more. They induced everybody to switch to raddish picking. The foreman said to me, "You stay here. My wife is coming here soon. When she gets here, she'll teach you English and I'll give you an easier job." I must have been a very earnest worker, because he didn't have me work tough jobs. He sent me as a flagman in which I moved a flag when a train was coming in to stop the train. He let me leave the work one hour earlier to make tea for the coming coming coffee break. He said to me, "You can go any place you want to, I'll give you a pass. But you may also stay here in this camp, if you want to, because I am going to treat you special. I'll have my wife teach you English. So stay here." "I'll stay here

then." I said, and I stayed while everybody else left. At that time, Italian immigrants were rapidly coming in, all the jobs in the section were taken by them, and everybody had to leave. The foreman said, "You may stay here if you work with the Italians. If you want ~~to leave~~ here, I'll give you a pass." So I stayed there for a while. More and more Italians were coming in the section. There was also a section in Naples, 8 miles away, and I used to be writing to the person who was working there and was from the same prefecture as I was. I wrote to him and said, "In this way, the section here was taken over by Italians. If your section has a job for me, I would like to have it."

Mr. Watanabe, the person said, "Come over here at once, since we've got a job for you." Although it was only 8 miles away from my section to his, I got a pass and went to the section by train. On the very day I got there, the section was also taken over by Italian workers. They hired Italians in the section, all the Japanese that had been working there had to leave. When I went to the section carrying a cloth bag of my possessions, a road-master said to me, "This camp was closed, so joining a gang." Some members of the gang was there. Some gang had 70 to 80 Japanese members, and they, as a gang, moved around from place to place to work to build new railroads. The roadmaster as

well as my correspondent in Naples recommended me to join the gang, so I joined it and started to work for laying a railway. At first, I could not do the work as well, but I must have worked very hard. Because at the end, I became an expert of driving in spikes.

At that time, they switched to use bigger railroads from small ones, and we were changing the old railroads into bigger ones. First they drove in spikes quarter, then I and Mr. Katsuno, another expert, drove in the spikes completely and exactly using a gauge to do a final work. Mr. Katsuno worked inside while I worked outside of the railway. We drove in the spikes on both sides at one time with a hammer.

First I could hardly hit the spike, but later on I got so good at it that I became able to drive in that big spike completely with only 3 to 4 times of hitting. They didn't allow ordinary workers to do final spikes unless they were extremely good, but I, although young at the age of 21, could do a good job since I had been working for one year on the railroads. They cared for me, and I had stayed there for one year. Then I said, "I am not going to work on railroads any more. I am going out to Seattle and work either on farms or in a store. Anyway I am going to Seattle." "Why are you leaving here?" they asked. I still

remember that I saved 25 dollars a month working 10¢ an hour. I still can't guess how I managed it. Every two months when I went to work near the town where a big post office was, I used to send the money of 50 dollars or so to Japan, because only big post offices could send money to foreign countries. Did I work hard! I wore the clothes which people had thrown away, repaired old shoes to wear again, and worked very hard being in rags. That's why I could save 25 dollars a month.

Q: That's quite something, wasn't it?

A: Yes, it was. I got one dollar a day, working 10¢ an hour, and earned 30 dollars a month! We cooked our own meals, and the Oriental Tradings Co. supplied us food. I still remember that we didn't cook decent meals--we ate dango-jiru (soup with flour balls in it.) We cooked weekly by turns. I hadn't had cooked rice nor miso-shiru (bean paste soup) before, but I learned from people and cooked. Thus I saved 25 dollars each month. I worked there for one year and sent quite a bit of money to Japan. At that time, the value of the money there doubled in Japan; 50 dollars were worth 100 Yen in Japan. Of course the rates are different now. My father was very happy for that. He was able to pay all the debts since I continued to send him some money while I was working in Seattle. I hear that I was quite reputed for this

in the village.

Q: Were there any who got injured working on railroads?

A: Yes, I did. When we went to work, 8 miles away, we used to push so called "honker" on the railroads, carrying quite a few things. Every morning at a certain time a train used to run, but one morning it was delayed. So we kept on going on the railroad pushing the honker to the next station. 8 of us were pushing in turns, then I heard somebody saying, "Light! Light!" The train came. We flung the honker aside the railroad. Since I wasn't used to do it, I tumbled down and was hit by my shoulder with the rail. While everybody else was working, I went back to the camp which was 7 to 8 miles away. My shoulder and arm were swollen badly, and I cried by myself then.

Q: Your arm?

A: Yes, I was hit here..., although my arm wasn't broken, everyone coming back from work at night, asked me how I was. Some suggested that I had better go to see a doctor, some said that I didn't have to. I applied to my arm an ointment of flour and water, thinking that I would be able to work again in a few days. After a while, I became able to work again. I still remember that I cried by myself at that time, not knowing what was going to happen to my arm in the

situation that I hadn't gotten used to the new environment--America.

Well, I didn't get injured any other time except that time, and everybody treated me nice. Anyway, I must have worked sincerely, because the foreman said to me who had just come from Japan, "You stay here. My wife who is coming pretty soon will teach you English." I stayed there while everybody else left. Even when I was working in a gang, I worked very hard. That's why, they felt sorry that I was leaving. They got together and held a farewell party for me, saying "Mr. Seike is leaving for Seattle. Let's have a party and drink beer for him." I went to Seattle and worked as a farmer.

Q: Were there any other people who got injured or killed working on the railroads?

A: No, there wasn't. Recently, I got on a train sometimes and passed the places where I used to work before since the trains run the same places as before. I worked in a swamp where wild roses were on both sides of railroads. There were so many mosquitoes that we had to put a net over our face while we were working. It is still a swamp, today when I saw it on the train recently. But nobody got injured.

Q: Did anybody get sick?

A: No, nobody got sick, either. I was at the age of 22 strong and healthy, when I left for Seattle. I started to work on farms. I have my family about 15 miles away from here. There is a town called South Park below my place. I once worked with one of my friends for Italians in the town. I those days, they didn't serve us coffee. They served us wine instead. A grandmother cooked. She baked this big Italian bread. For lunce, plenty of meat was served with big slices of bread and wine. At the end, my nose started to bleed. I thought, "This isn't too good for me." They had us sleep in a barn where horses were put. I woke up at night when they made noises. I stayed there for a while, although I don't remember how many months. Then I started to work for a Japanese farmer. I had been in America for only one year then. There were some co-workers who had been in America longer. One of them was talking about green houses, "In America, they have so called greenhouses where they keep the room temprature warm in the winter time. In the winter time when products are scarce, they can grow things earlier in the greenhouses by keeping fire going on to keep inside warm. Indeed greenhouses are good." I heard this, and thought, "Is that so? I don't know, though."

I continued to listen to him silently. One Sunday, since we didn't work on Sundays, I went to a greenhouse

near by owned by hakujin (a whiteman). I said, "I am now working such-and-such place. Could I get a job here?" He said, "Where are you working now?" I said, "I am working for a Japanese farmer near here." He said, "Why do you want to work here?" I said, "Because I would like to work in greenhouses." "I see. Please write your address here so that I can let ;you know when I got a job opening," he said. After this, I heard another news about greenhouses from co-workers' conversation. There used to be a big company named Furuya in Seattle. It went into bankrupcy recently, though, but it owned a bank, too.

Anyway, this rich man, Mr. Furuya, owned two big greenhouses, 150 feet x 25 feet, in an island where his villa was. They were talking that there was sometimes a job opening there. Hearing this, I wrote a letter to Mr. Masajiro Furuya as soon as I got home from work and said, "I am at present working such-and such a place. They say that you have greenhouse and sometimes need a worker. If you need one, please hire me." A few days later, I received a reply from him which said, "I have an opening, so please come seeme." I had been working for this Japanese farmer for 3 months or so. He said to me, "Since you are a hard worker, I would like you to work at our market." He, Mr. Higashi, owned the market jointly with Mr. Yoneyama. Mr. Yoneyama was

was taking their products to public markets and farmers' markets. Mr. Higashi was my boss. My foreman was Mr. Ishizaka who sowed seeds or so. I said, "For this reason, I got a job in Seattle and I am leaving here. Thank you for your hospitality."

"Oh, Mr. Seike, are you leaving us? Please stay here. I would like you to help us at our market with a salary of 35 dollars, so please stay here." Mr. Yonemura tried very ahrd to stop me. At that time, they were paying me \$30 a month with meals and lodging. I said, "I have some idea and have already gotten a job in the town. Thank you for your hospitality, but I am leaving." I got a job at Mr. Furuya's green house. Mr. Matsumoto told me to come to see him on a certain day, and he took me to the greenhouse. I started working there. I had worked in the greenhouses for one year, then I was told to go to Seattle to help at a big store where 50 to 60 people were working. This happened in the midst of the businest time of winter. There was a ~~dormitory for them.~~ This store of Mr. Furuya's was dealing with imports and exports. I was told to work at the store in Seattle instead of working in the country since it was too busy in the winter time. Thus I started to work at his store, doing various things such as pounding rice. Then I was told to go to the country to receive orders as a salesman. There were 30 to 40 Japanese farmers' families in the area

where his villa was. "Mr. Nishino is in charge of this, but I am going to transfer him to another place, so you take over his work and go to receive orders such as rice, soy sauce, iriko (small dried fish for stock), and some other things whatever they need." At that time, there were about 30 Japanese families there, about 50 to 60 years ago. Although some old Issei are deceased now, there still living quite a few people I know. I, then, went to the place where quite a few Japanese were, such as a railroad company, sawmills, the town of Yakima where a lot of Japanese were farming. In this way, I worked for Furuya Shoten (store) for ten years. They treated me very well.

During this time my father died in Japan. When I was in Yakima, about 150 miles away from here, I received a telegram which said, "Wait at the depot at this time tomorrow, for Mr. Iriye is coming to see you." So I went to the depot and waited for him. In those days, there was no transportation except trains. Mr. Iriye came. I said, "Mr. Iriye, what is up?" He said, "Wait, wait, Mr. Seike. Don't worry. Let's go to your hotel first." So we went to the hotel where I was staying. He brought a telegram with him, and said, "To tell the truth... now, don't be shocked, but your father is in a critical condition now. Therefore

the telegram arrived to tell you to come back to Japan." Mr. Furuya wanted to know what I was going to do, so he sent Mr. Iriye to the place where I was to get orders from people. I said, "Mr. Iriye, he must be passed away by now, since the telegram telling that he is in critical condition arrived here. So I am not going back now. Please send a telegram to Japan for me to tell that I am not coming back." When you get back to Seattle, please send a telegram to say, "I won't come back, but send a letter later to explain." After a while, I went back to Japan to put everything in order. Although I didn't have to take care of the big debts since they had already been paid off, I had to go back anyway to put the family affairs in order since I was the eldest son in the family.

I went back to Japan in October of 1917. My father had already been deceased. My house was very big and used to be a wine shop. Although we were in poverty, the house was very big. The family owned mountains, farms, mulberry fields, and quite a few valuable things. I went back to Japan, cleared off and sold all these things. I also sold the house since my mother could do nothing by herself. I sold all of these by auction.

I had to ask various things concerning the prices from people, since I didn't know the current conditions, having been living in America. I made brief estimates on the prices of the belongings, and sold the bulberry fields, mountains, tools, and even our residential land. Before I was leaving for Japan, I was working for Mr. Furuya. It was said that he let us stay and work for him while we were young, but that he was firing those who got old, saying to them, "I don't need you working here any more, since young people are coming in rapidly." And indeed quite a few people who had been working for a long time were fired. Knowing his way I and a few friends of mine got together in order to think about this problem. Having been working for Mr. Furuya for 10 years, we knew how businesses were like to some degree. After the discussion, we, the three of us, decided to operate a store with 3,000 dollars, by financing 1,000 dollars by each of us, three. We decided to start the business after I came back from Japan. While I was in Japan, they, being wise and experienced, sent me a letter credit of \$2,000, which was quite a bit of money at that time although it isn't today, and told me to stock foods with the money. At that time, I was staying at the Uwajimas. My mother and relatives insisted that they would not let me go back to America without a wife. They told me that I couldn't go back alone that time. Thus I found my wife while I was

back in Japan. Recommended my sister, I got married with one of my relatives. Then I went to Osaka and Tokyo to lay in stocks with the letter credit of \$2,000, such as miso, soy sauce, rice, and so on. First I went to Kobe, decided our business connections, and bought in various goods. In Yokohama, there was a branch of Furuya Store, and Mr. Nakagawa was the manager. From this branch the goods were being shipped to America. In those days, Furuya Store was flourishing in trading businesses such as imports and exports, dealing with Japanese general merchandise, chinawares, Christmas ornaments, and so on. He also owned a bank. It was so-called an "only-one store, and also had its branch in Kobe. In those days, rice was being sent from Japan to America, and the Furuya was dealing with the rice and selling to Japanese people. Anyway it used to be a great store and had a bank, too.

Although it is gone now, but it used to have big buildings when I was working there. When I went to Yokohama to buy miso, soy sauce, and some other things, Iwagami Shoten, one of our business connections, showed and took me to various stores, saying, "This is Mr. Seike and he is going to open a store. I hope you'll kindly look after him." One the way back, Mr. Nakagawa said, "Mr. Seike, could I talk to you for a moment? I heard that you were going to start a store when you went back to Seattle. Quite a few dealers called me to ask about you. Is that right?"

I said to him, "Yes, that's right. I am going to run a store with my friends when I go back to America from Japan after I research and decide our connections." He said, "You should not tell a lie to Mr. Furuya, because the report about ~~hhis~~ this was sent to him. I have already reported that you had been looking for your business correspondents so that you could start a store in Seattle." I said, "Mr. Nakagawa, that's fine." I designated our business correspondents, arranged everything for the goods to be shipped, and came back to America. I was staying at the NP Hotel after I had come back from Japan. Mr. Furuya consistently asked me to come back to work for him, although it was obvious that the report that I was not going to work for him any more got to him. I said, "Please give me some time, since I have something in my mind to think about."

The store was ready when I came back to America, although the goods hadn't arrived yet. One month later, the first shipment reached us, but an embargo upon the imports from Japan was laid after that, and the government prohibited the Japanese goods to come in America. The World War I had already begun then. Because of this embargo, we could not get our goods from Japan except one shipment. Although we had some goods, we were worried about what we should do to operate the store which we had already started with

no more shipment of goods from Japan. Mr. Furuya would not sell us his merchandise since we had left him, while we were taking the matter light, thinking that he would easily sell us his goods if we went there since we had been working for him. I heard that there was an order from Mr. Furuya to his workers that they should not talk nor sell anything to us since we started our own store after having worked for him. There were some other stores that were also importing goods from Japan, such as Hirashima Shoten and the Oriental Trading Company. So I went to Hirashima Shoten and said, "For this reason, we started a store, but we can't get our merchandise because of the embargo. Please share your goods with us if you have things such as iriko. Mr. Hirashima said, "Yes, of course. So Mr. Seike, you have worked at Furuya Shoten." At that time Furuya Shoten was so flowrishing that it was monopolizing the business. Therefore all the small stores were having an antagonistic feeling toward Furuya Shoten. He said, "If you are starting a grocery store, I'll share anything with you. Come get them." And he sold us everything, such as a case of Iriko, some kampyo (dried gourd shavings), and so on. Then I went to Toyo-Boeki (Oriental Trading Co.), the owner said, "I see. I'll share whatever we have with you. You go ahead and start the store!" I was overjoyed and surprised. I had been working at Furuya Shoten, and Mr. Furuya was a great person and

was good at handling his workers. I still have a habit learned from him. We were not allowed to turn a light on when it was not necessary. He told us to turn off the lights when we didn't need it. He decided our bed time in the dormitory and told us to go to bed at that time. About 40 to 50 workers were staying at the boarding house with cooks. He was very strict and trained the young people. He was quite a man.

When he was young, he was a tailor. Then he started his own shop which he made bigger later. He was a great man. He also owned a bank. He was quite a man, having accomplished a great deal. On the contrary, the other small stores were kept under his power and couldn't look up. Thus they helped us, saying, "Since you are starting your own business, leaving Furuya Shotan behind, we'll do anything to help you. Come and get our goods, we'll share with whatever we've got." Anyway, because of the embargo, these stores became unable to get goods, too, including soy sauce. In Hawaii, they were making soy sauce, so we imported the soy sauce from Hawaii. We set our store on King and 8th Avenues, and we got enough goods to start the store, with the merchandise we had got from the other stores and the soy sauce from Hawaii. There used to be Nishimoto Shoten, which is now gone, and they had their merchandise from Japan stored in a warehouse. Since they couldn't pay taxes, we bought quite a bit of canned goods from them. In spite of being rather

new in business with the soay sauce from Hawaii, the goods from the other stores, and one shipment from Japan, we managed to start the store. I went to the country for the first time to get orders from people. We named the store, Asia Trading Company. I was curious about how people were feeling about the store. "Oh, Mr. Seike, if you started a business, I'll be glad to help you and buy your merchandise," said a-l the old customers of mine when I had been workint at Furuya Shoten. Although I had not said nice things, I had been treating them honestly. When the price of rice was rising, I said, "I think that the price of rice is going to rise, so buy it now." When I estimated that the price of rice was going down, I said to my customers, "I think the price will come down soon, so don't buy it now." I had done my way of doing business with them for 10 years or so. So they thought what Mr. Seike said was right. In those days, Shiitake (Japanese mushrooms) used to cost 85 cents a pound. It costs ten dollars or so now. Shiitake is expensive. Some young wife said, "Give me a pound of Shiitake." I said, "You are not supposed to buy them that much. I's enough for you to buy 50 cents or so, since they last long. Don't buy them so many."

In this way, I, a salesman, even told the customers not to buy. This is one example, but in this way, I had done my business honestly with a motto of customers first, without thinking of making profit, while working for Furuya Shoten. Therefore all of my customers knew that I didn't tell a lie. To my surprise, Mr. Natsuhara, who was running a big milk store in Auburn, said to me, "Seike, I heard that you started a store. When you need money, come and borrow it, I'll lend you any time." I said, "Really Grandpa?" He said, "It's for real. If it's you, I'll lend money any time."

In those days, when we bought salmon meals or fish meals at the cost price of 25 dollars to 35 dollars a pound, we could sell them at the price of 75 dollars a pound. So we bought a car-load of them and put in a warehouse. But we needed money for that. Among the three of us, I was to play a role of borrowing the money. I said to myself, "Grandpa Natsuhara told me one time about lending money to me, but I don't know if he lends me some money or not. Let me go to his place and see if he would lend me or not, since we need \$2,000 or so." So I went to Auburn to borrow the money from him. I still remember it. It was summer time. When I got there, the whole family was

stacking hay. I said, "Grandpa, I came here to borrow some money. Would you lend me some?" "How much do you need?" "We need \$2,000 or so. We need it because we bought some fish meals." "Is that so?" His eldest son's name was Matsu. He said, "Matsu, come on down here. Write a check of \$2,000 to Seike." He was on the stack of hay. I felt like I was in a dream. We were the persons that had started a store without any knowledge or money, and the \$2,000 in those days might have been worth 100,000 dollars today. And he lent us that money. I was shocked. I said, "Is it really true? Thank you, grandpa. If we borrowed money from a bank, we had to pay 8% of interest, so we'll also pay you the same amount of interest..." He said, "No, I don't want you to pay any interest. Since you started a store, I'll help you any way. Come here to borrow money again!"

It sounds untrue, but it was the true story. One month later, we made a large profit from the fish meals. "Grandpa, thank you! We made a profit. Thank you so much." I bought one whole tuna for him, and went to see him to pay the \$2,000 off with the 8% of the interest. He said, "How fast you've come here to pay it off!" I said, "Thanks to your help, we made a large profit from the fish meals. Thank you very much, and I'll come back here again when we need money, so please lend us again." Thus we made

a big profit out of the fish meals, and our business went very well.

Our customers bought our merchandise quite a bit inspite of the difficulty of getting goods because of the embargo. They bought the canned foods, the soy sauce, and rice from us. We got rice from California. There was a person who started a store called "North Course". His wife was deceased recently. This "North Course", changed hands now, had bought 2,000 sacks of rice and brought from California. They thought that the price of rice would go down, and they came to our store to sell the rice, about 1,000 dollars worth. They said, "We think that the price of rice will go up in the future. Why don't you buy this now? If you give a sack of rice for 2 dollars in security, the bank will lend you 6 dollars." So one sack of rice cost 8 dollars or so. We were suggested to buy the rice from them. They were thinking that the price of rice would go down, so they were trying to sell it to us who had just started a store. Since we didn't know much about the business, we bought the rice from them. I don't know how many hundreds of sacks, but it was quite a bit of rice. The bank lent us 6 dollars on the security of a sack of rice for 2 dollars. They charged us 8 percent of interest. Thus we bought and stored a great deal of rice. It was during the time of the World War I, and

the prices of goods were going up rapidly including rice. The sack of rice that we had bought at the price of 8 dollars was sold 13 dollars at the end. The rice they had sold us by tricking, thinking that its price would go down, went up rapidly. I remember that we sold a sack at the price of 13 to 14 dollars. Then we heard that the government was going to confiscate the over-stocks from stores. So we sold the rest of the rice to a whole sale store.

Anyway, we sold one sack at 13 dollars and 50 cents at our store, and made a big profit from the rice and soy sauce like mad. We had been driving a Ford's one-ton truck which had been making a lot of noises. We needed it to load rice and go to White River to do our business. Since we made some profit, we bought a fine truck named Indiana by Ford. This was the first truck that was neumatic and air-tires were used for. Our small store started to use a new truck from old-styled one. Such a rapid progress! It was a big truck with air-tires, which hadn't been existed before, and cost us \$4,000 to \$5,000 then. We carried on a flourishing business, and our customers helped us. They lent me \$1,000 dollars or so without hesitation when I said that I needed it. I was surprised.

Mr. Fukiage, now living in Yakima, said, "How much do you need?" When I said to him, "Mr. Fukiage, we need some money. Would you lend us?" I needed 1,000 dollars for buying something which I gorgot now. He immediately wrote me a check. It was surprising that they lent me money whenever I went to ask for it. That's because my old customers knew that I would not lie, after such a long-time business with them-- 10 years to 15 years. I was trusted by them. Our business went exteremely.

Well, and the store became quite big. Some small stores were doing business with city people, our store was dealing with the people in the country-- saw mills, logging camps, and farmers. We didn't do the business with the town people. We supplied goods to those who were working in saw mills or on railroads. A big camp had 100 to 150 workers, while a small one 10 to 15 workers. We sent foods to those camps. We received orders from the workers and supplied them overalls, shoes, gloves, under-shirts, and various kinds of things. Once a month, on a pay-day, we visited a camp. For example, in a saw mill, they were paid by check. We accomodated them, got orders from them. During the war when more workers were needed, people could ask us, the Asia Trading Company, and we sent workers to their place. When a man came to the town from the country to look

for a job, we asked him where he was staying. Then we recommended him to a place where a worker was needed. Quite a few people were sent to the county to work through our recommendations, so when we visited those places, they ordered us various things. In this way, our business went smoothly. Then the World War II broke out. It became harder and harder. After a 24 year of business of Asia Shokai, we closed the store. But we suffered a great deal of loss, because our customers were in the country. We had been selling goods with charge accounts. The people in the country started to be evacuated because of the war, and sent away to camps rapidly. Therefore they became unable to pay us. Because of the closing of the store and the evacuation of our customers, we had bad debts of 20,000dollars or so which was quite an amount at that time. I had bought a piece of land where my family is today, because I thought that it was no good for my children to have education in town, and that I had to educate them where it was a quiet country. While I was doing the store business, I started a nursery. I also had my house built there in 1931. I still think that I was quite a bit bold then. I had bought the land before, though, and spent quite a bit of money on that. Now, the house is old, about 40 years old or so, but it was quite a fine house in those days, as you could see if you visited us. I had the house built big. Since I

spent a lot of money on the land and the house, I started to have a difficult time financially. The depression also started as well as the war. I really had so hard a time that I am afraid to tell the story.

Then, the anti-Japanese movement started. Those who didn't have a proper right were confiscated their land and became unable to buy land. So they were buying a property under the name of Nisei. My friends, 3 of them, had been running the White River Garden together, but they were taken their property away. Three to four places were confiscated because they had bought the land under the names of Nisei. Under the new law, the Japanese people didn't have the right to buy land. Therefore the government confiscated three to four people's property, saying that they strained the law.

I, myself, had also bought the land under the name of my neighbor, Mr. Higashi something. Since my friends in White River which was close to my place were taken away their land, I was very worried, knowing that my land would be confiscated any time then. I was in fear every day that the letter from the Prosecution office might be sent to me, and couldn't wait until I went back home from work. I might have felt better if I was having a great difficulty in making the payment of the land I had bought. Besides, I had had my

house built big -nd also spent a lot of money on clearing the land. I had so hard a time in making the payment of the land that I even couldn't tell it to my wife. I could ask my friends to lend some money for our business--the Asia Shokai, but " couldn't do it for my personal thing. Although I was paying it little by little in a small amount at one payment, but I was barely making it. I had my own lawyer, who came to me one day and said, "Today, the owner came and told that he would confiscate the land if you couldn't pay the bill. What are you going to do? You have to pay even a small amount." "I see. Tell him to give me some time since I am paying 150 dollars and the interest." The lawyer was really good and he also knew the land-owner. In this way, I scarecely kept my ownership of the land by putting in a small amount of money little by littel by appeasing the owner. Then the war started. I had had some money since I was doing the store-business, but the money started to get low gradually. Although three of us were running the store together, a decision that no more money could be lent to Mr. Seike was made. I had been borrowing money from the books of the store, paying the interest, but the amount piled up so high, about 8,000 dollars or so, that they had to make that decision.

Thus, I lost the source of borrowing money. Thinking

that I was going to visit my friend and ask to lend me 1,000 dollars or so, I went to see him. But I just could not speak the words. I decided to let the things go as they do and believed that the Lord would open my way anyhow. With this belief, I prayed in the morning and evening, "God, please help me. I am having a great difficulty in paying for the land. Teach me how to solve the problem." I truly suffered from making the payment, but I managed to survive, for my lawyer was very good. Then the war broke out, and it became harder and harder. We couldn't stay at home any more, and had to evacuate. I had the eldest daughter from the top in my family--5 children. We had to evacuate and go to some place else, since we couldn't stay in Seattle any more. I didn't know where, though.

First, I sent my eldest daughter to a Christian college in Spokane. I had already sent my eldest son, Ben, to Poolman College. Since I was running a nursery, I put him in the college so that he could learn about plants, since it was an agricultural college. Then I sent my second son to Poolman College, too.

And my wife and I evacuated, taking the third son and the second daughter, Ruth, who is now in Stockton, helping Rev. Masada's Church. I rented my house to

a family. I also rented the furniture to the family. I had no idea where we were going to be taken. They came to my house to take us, put us in a train, and closed all the windows' shades of the train so that we couldn't see anything. They didn't tell us, of course, where they were taking us. I wondered where we were going. I pulled up a shade a little bit, and I saw a float bridge. It was a suspension bridge like the one in San Francisco. Because of the bad construction, it had been fallen down by wind. And I knew well of this bridge, so I guessed that the train was passing Tacoma then.

I said to myself, "I wonder where they are taking us through Tacoma from Seattle?" The the train came back in Seattle again, and stopped between a cart and a cart in the depot so that we couldn't see anything. I called a watchman and said, "I have my lawyer, and I would like to see him. Please call him and tell him that I have something to talk to him." The train left Seattle and went around Tacoma, came back to Seattle again, and stopped between the carts so that we could not see anything. We stayed there for 2 hours or so, and we still didn't know where we were going.

The train was almost leaving, but the watchman didn't call me. I asked him why he didn't call the lawyer, he said, "Well, I called him, but could not reach."

I thought that I had nothing to do. The train ran rapidly.

I am going back to the hard time I had because of the debts. I went to the country most of the time. I was broke, too. I went out to the country on business about 20 days a month. I had 3 more children to bring up. Sometimes, I didn't have firewood to cook. I could have called our store and asked for it, since it was existing at that time. Some said, "Why don't you ask your store, if you are in such a trouble financially?" Suffering from the debts, I didn't ask to lend money. Since I was working at the store, they could have supported me and given me anything I needed, if I had called the store. But I didn't because of my being timid. I sometimes went out to a mountain holding my child, to cut firewood, and cooked. Before that, I had had some money, but I spent it on building the house, buying the land, and clearing it. I used all the money, but I couldn't borrow from people. Since I was out working, I could forget my cares for a time. But my wife suffered so much, staying at home while I was out on business, with all the children to look after. But she bore it well, indeed.

Q: What did you do with the store when you were leaving?

A: We closed up the store.

Q: You had to give up the irrecoverable accounts?

A: Yes, we had to. Some were paid us back a little at a time, but most of them were irrecovered.

Q: And your house and the property...?

A: I was struggling to pay the debts off.

(Mrs Seike) There was a person who lent you some money at that hard time, wasn't there? He had a lot of money... Tell him about him.

(Mr. Seike) The evacuation began, and I was still having a hard time financially. I didn't need so much but I could leave, balancing up the debt of the property with 1,000 dollars or so would do to balance up the debt of the property and leave. This was a coincidence. I had never talked this person that I had been in trouble financially, but one of my closest friends came to my house with his wife, and said that they had something to talk with me. "What is it?" I asked. "To tell the truth, I've got some money." At that time we could not put it in a bank. He asked me to let him bury the money somewhere in my property, such as my garage. "It's quite easy." He had the money in silver dollars, about 1,000 dollars or so, in coffee cans. "I have already hidden some money in the house

of my wife's parents, but I have some more. I cannot put this in the back. Sorry to trouble you, but would you let me hide the money in your garage or somewhere?" It may sound like a dream or a lie, but it was true. I think that this was by Providence. The God tried to help me who was suffering badly.

I wasn't sure what would happen to the land if I left without paying it off. I tried every way to borrow money to make the payment with big interest in order to maintain the ownership. Although I had been worried about the property with the evacuation close at hand, I said to myself, "Never mind! Some day a course will open to me, since the God will give us the thing we pray for." I had a confidence that He would give me the thing when I prayed for it very hard, so I prayed to God very hard. And this friend came to ask me to let him bury his money in my place.

I said, "To tell the truth, I need some money. If you lend me the money, I would pay you back with the same interest as a bank when I came back here." I hadn't told him that I had been having difficulty, and he didn't know it, either. I think this happened by Providence. It couldn't happen when you needed money that someone asked me to let him bury his money. It could be called a miracle. This happened maybe

because I had been earnestly working for the Lord. He gladdly lent me the 1,000 dollars. I went to my lawyer immediately and let him pay the debt off for me. I became free from the payment, and the property became mine finally. Then I evacuated.

My son volunteered and sent me a letter telling that he was going towar somewhere. He didn't tell me where to, because it wasn't allowed to do so. He said, "I don't know whether I am going to war to the east or west, but I am going somewhere. Therefore don't be worried if I won't write to you for a while." He was sent to somewhere and then to Italy. He first landed at Casino where a hot battle was and quite a few Japanese were killed. He joined the 442 and went to the place where Texas regiment was pushed up into a mountain by Germans, and nobody could rescue these batterians. So the order to rescue them was made to the Batterian 442 which was thought to be the only force left that was able to save them.

They attacked and rescue, but the German Army had already dug a hole in the ground of the mountainside which was like Mt. Cascade here full of tall pine trees. They were watching us through the hole and wherever the rescue team came, they shot machineguns to them. Every time they attacked, some solders were killed by the German Army. They also had laid land mines with tiny wires colored the grass, gree when it

was green and brown when the grass was brown. When they touched the wire, the mines blew up and killed them. At first, they didn't know this, and quite a few soldiers of the 442 Batterian were killed. When the mines exploded, the big pine trees were blown up 200 to 300 feet and killed them unexpectedly. Tohru, my son, had a friend who used to be in the same team ~~with him~~. This man came back alive and takes care of us well now.

The number of the team having breakfast together in the same room decreased every morning gradually, but nobody asked who had been killed or injured. They ate the meal silently and left for the battle. I was wondering how Tohru got killed. I heard that he went to the battle as a scout of the team. They dug a fox-hole in the rain and proceeded toward the enemy. Because of the rain, the fox-hole was full of muddy water. Soaked in this water in the hole, they watched the Germans with only their heads above the hole. When the German side shot guns, they could guess where the Germans' battery was hidden. They reported that the enemy was about some hundred feet away. Then they fired from behind cannons to the battery and destroyed it. Thus they proceeded one foot to two feet at a time in order to get close to them.

Hearing how Tohru got killed, I realized that he was

in a fox-hole with a friend. Then this friend was shot to death when he was peeking with his head over the hole. While Tohru was trying to carry the corpse out of the hole, he was shot and killed. After his death, the government sent me his possessions while he was in the fox-hole. A wallet with one or two dollars in it, a watch, and a safety ----. Since he was fighting the desperate battle in the rain, covered with muddy water, everything was smeared with mud--his clothes, his watch, and so on. I am going to show you these. This is the watch Tohru had whose band was torn to shreds and stained with mud. I cleaned it later. The watch hadn't been working, but I had it fixed by a watch maker since it was a keepsake of his, and I still keep it.

I'm keeping his razor somewhere. I put some new parts in the watch. Some said that I shouldn't have, but I couldn't help it, feeling sorry for him, since it was full of mud. I put a new band for this, since it was the last possession of his.

I've got the tie which he used to wear all the time. I used to wear it whenever I attended a Kito-kai (a prayer meeting) although it was worn out, but I don't wear it now, because it is worn to tatters. I did this in order not to forget him. What a fool a parent is. My wife also know this well.

When we were in the camp of Heart Mountain, he volunteered. It is very difficult for me to tell this story. Since he was sent to Dobash, we we didn't know whatever could happend to him. In the camp of Heart Mountain, there was a big rock mountain. We decided to go to the Heart Mountain to pray for Tohru in the morning when we got up. We got up very early in the morning when people were still sleeping around 4 to 5 O'clock, we went to the Heart Mountain, a tall rock mountain where snakes were living, and prayed to God to get Tohru back safe. We used to go there to pray early in the morning while people were still quietly asleep.

There was a man named Mr. Ishu from California who was living next to us in the camp, and he also had his son gone to the war. One day he asked my wife, "Where are you going? I noticed that you were getting up really early and leaving for somewhere!" "To tell the truth, our son was sent to Obashi. We go to the mountain back here to pray that he could return safe. Would you like to come with us to pray?" He said, "Please take me with you," and he came with us in the morning. He said, "I can't pray." I said, "Just pray, 'Please get my son back safe, God.' If you can't speak, you can pray in your heart." He prayed, my wife did, and I did.

Thus, we went to the huge rock mountain early in the morning when people were still asleep. We put on a jacket since it was cold. Although we didn't climb up to the top of the mountain, we went up to the stone steps every morning. This had been carried on for one to two months.

Some farmers got up also early in the morning to go to work, and they started to talk about us, saying, "Mr. and Mrs Seike are getting up very early and going to someplace. Where are they going?" It was also getting bright in the morning and since we didn't like to go out there while people could see us, we stopped doing this. Everybody began to know that we were going to the rock mountain to pray to get our sons back safe from the war, and started to talk about us.

Then the government started to tell us to go out to work. They said, "Since it is the time that a lot of workers are needed, you can take a job and go out to any place where you work." I said, "I have a wife and two children. If you assure me our living, I'll go anywhere to work. Find me a job." I often went to a government office and told them like this, But they didn't try to get me a job at all. "How could we go out to work unless they assured our living? If we stay in the camp, the government feeds us." People

People were saying not to go out. They said, "You would be in trouble if you went out now. Here in this camp, the government takes care of us, but anything could happen to you if you went out now." Some church member strongly suggested that I should not go.

I said, "But I'll leave here if the government finds me a job." They didn't get me a job, so I found a job myself. There was a priest, Rev. Inouye, who was evacuated in Ann Arbor, so I wrote a letter to him and said, "I am internding to go out when I got a job, so please find me a job." He replied my letter and said, "Listen. There are some openings for you at a house of professor where you stay there and your wife does the house work while you work as a janitor. So come out here." I went to the government office and said, "Thus we found our jobs, and we are leaving here. Get us the tickets to go there."

Getting the tickets, I went out to Chicago with my wife and two children. Mr. Fujimura who is a priest now was working at a hotel in Chicago. Dr. Iwasa whose wife I had found for him was also living there. Having found his wife for him, he was very nice to us. We stayed at his house for a while, since we stopped at Chicago on our way to Ann Arbor. "Mr. Seike, are you going to Ann Arbor?" "Yes, we do, since we got jobs over there." "Don't go to such a place! There are quite a number of jobs here, so stay here." "No, I

Can't do that. I have already received a ticket from the government to go to Ann Arbor where I got a job at a professor's home. I have to go to Ann Arbor." "No, you don't have to. If you get a job in Chicago, you may stay here." So I went to a government office of Mr. Boose who was the boss there. I said to him, "In this way I got a job in Ann Arbor from the government, but one of my friends who lives here told me to stay here. What do you think about this idea?" "You don't have to go to Ann Arbor. Stay here if you have a job here."

Then he made a long distance call to the professor in Ann Arbor of whom he said he was a friend and said, "Mr. Seike is now here at my office and he wants to stay here." "Sure!" I was wondering what he was doing, then I realized that he had made a long distance call to the professor and arranged that I could stay in Chicago. Thus I was permitted to stay in Chicago. "Is that so?" I said, and I returned the tickets which were to Ann Arbor. I went back to the office and asked if they got a job opening for me. There was a lady from Hawaii named Mrs. Izumi working in the office, and she could speak Japanese as well as English. She said, "There is a school supply company named Bakely Curby(?) that is going to employ a Japanese

Japanese for the first time. Since it is located on your way home, just get off the train, visit the company and ask for the job."

She gave me her business card for introducing me to the company. On my way home, instead of going back home directly, I went to the place to get a job. Mr. Frank was the boss. I said, "Is there any job opening here?" About 200 people were working there, but no Japanese ~~except one~~ ~~new~~ who was in the office typing, were employed. It was the first time for the company to hire a Japanese, but they employed me as a trial. They said, "Come and work here starting tomorrow." I wondered where they were going to assign me. They had a big 6-storied building and were sending school supplies all over the United States. They handled blackboards, books, desks, and everything that schools used. The boss took me to the Blackboard Department on the 6th floor, and told me to work in there.

They were making huge blackboards, about 12 feet wide or so, for the use of colleges as well as small ones. There was one hakujin worker packing, but he was not efficient enough in doing so. Since I had been packing in my business in Seattle, I was quite good at writing shipping bills, nailing, making boxes, and some other things. I was very skillful and

able to do anything. Orders were sent from downstairs by elvators. Then my boss, Jack, said, "We have to make this and that, since we don't have any stock of them." I did inventory nd checked what were in short. If I found out the stock ordered was out, I and the boss started to cut blackboards with a power saw, such as 3-feet, 2, feet, or 12 feet one.

Then I made frames for them and packed them no matter how big or small they were. The happiest moment I experienced was when an order of school supplies came from Wenatchee, which was near Seattle. I was happy receiving the order from Washington State. From everywhere, orders were being made, and we packed the things and shipped them. First, an order came. Then we packed it, wrote the address on the package, made a shipping list, take it down by an elvator.

I was more efficient than my boss. Everybody trusted me and was nice to me, saying, "Seike! Seike!" Dr. Iwasa was my friend and I and my family were staying in his parlor which had 5 rooms. He said, "Mr. Seike, a Jew is living upstairs, but he is leaving. So I went to the office and rented the rooms for you. I'll give you the rooms, so there is no problem. Just stay there." The following month, the rooms were open, but I had to furnish them. So I bought some furniture, about 300 to 500 dollars worth, furnished the rooms,

and started to rent them. In those days, it was a big deal to have a home with 5 rooms, since housing was short in Chicago because more and more people were coming in the city rapidly. It was really difficult for people to rent a room, while we had 5-roomed home. Then I wrote the church in Heart Mountain and said, "In this way, I am now working 75 ¢ to 85¢ an hour while my wife is making 50¢ an hour. Every month we are saving such-and such amount of money. If anyone wants to come out and work here, we can share our 5 rooms with 3 to 5 people if they don't mind sharing."

Later, I heard about my letter. They said, "No way! Mr. Seike is telling such a thing, but there can't be any job available under this depression time!" The people in the camp could not believe what I had written. They said, "Mr. Seike isn't telling the truth. Even if you've got a job out of this camp, you still have difficulty to make a living," and nobody came out. One year later or so, I wrote a letter to them again, and they started to come out of the camp little by little. When we became about to go back home, I wrote a letter to the person whom I had been renting my house, and said, "Since the Japanese people can go back to the West Coast, I am coming back. Please open the house for me." One month later he wrote to me and said, "I cleared your house, so you can come back now."

Since more and more people were coming back in the cities such as Seattle, the housing was short. So I had heard that we would not be able to get our renting house cleared within one year, so I was thinking that it would take one year after I wrote this letter that he would clear my house. I was going to save some money up during the time to buy a care, take my wife and children to the East, and go back to Seattle. Thinking of this plan, I wrote him. Then he told me one month later that we could come back home since he opened the house for us. I was in trouble, because I hadn't expected him to clear my house so soon.

I had to sell the furniture I had bought. I talked to a church member I knew and said, "I bought this furniture in that building and have used it for so-and-so months. If you buy it with 20 to 30 percent off, I'll give my rooms to you," and I showed him the bill. He said, "No, no! You don't have to discount' This deal is just great," and he bought the furniture and rooms at once. Later quite a few members of the church complained and said, "Why didn't you tell me first?" Anyway, I sold the furniture and the rooms at the time when everything was short, and came back to Seattle. I still remember this. I and my boss, Frank, were in an elevator. I said to him, "Thank you so much for your hospitality for such a long time, but I am leaving for the West Coast."

He said, "Seike, whenever you need a job here in Chicago, come and visit me." He also said, "If you find workers here, I'll pay you 5 dollars a person." It may sound funny, but after they hired me as a trial, since they had never employed a Japanese before, 40 to 50 Japanese started to work in the mailing Department and some other departments by the time I was leaving. He asked me to find the workers for him, so I found 5 workers before leaving. I thought that the company would not pay me such money even if they had told me so. On the contrary they wrote a check of 25 dollars -- 5 dollars times 5 persons-- and sent it to me! By the end, about 100 Japanese workers were employed there, since they were very skillful. The Japanese people could do anything very well, such as mailing and book-keeping.

The company had never hired a Japanese worker until they gave me a trial, and they found out how good a worker a Japanese was while the former worker of Hakujin could not do anything --he could not write English nor packing. So everybody called me "Seike Seike!" seeing my name tag, and was very kind to me. Therefore, when a person starts to work, he has to be very thoughtful for the rest of the people in order to open their way. If I had been lazy and inefficient, who would have hire more Japanese workers?

The reason why the 40 to 50 Japanese were hired by the company was that I, myself, had worked very diligently for the company and had done good for them. While I was in Chicago, I received the report of my son's death in battle. When I was working, Mrs. Iwasa called me and said, "Mr. Seike, there is a telegram for you. Shall I read it for you?" At that time, if one received a telegram, it was for the report of a death in battle or an injury. Her name was Yoshiye. "Read it to me, Mrs. Yoshiye."

It was the notice that Tohru was killed in action on such-and-such date. My wife was working downstairs, sewing blinds. I said to her, "Tohru died. What are you going to do? Shall we go back home?" It was 2 or 3 O'Clock. "No, let's stay here until 5 O'Clock." We worked until evening and came back home. There was Rev. Ohyama and Rev. Koga in Chicago. Rev. Koga was an intern who had just graduated from school, and was a pastor of Host Presbyterian Church in Chicago. I called Rev. Ohyama and told that Tohru had been killed in action. At night, Mr. Miyagawa, a member of my church, visited my home with flowers. Then I sent a telegram to my eldest daughter, Shizu, who lives in Chicago now, to tell his death, and she replied me at once. She sent in the telegram a passage of Romans 8:28 which said, "We know that in all things God works for good."

I was so emotionally shocked that I couldn't read the English nor understand what it was saying. I showed it to Rev. Ohyama and said, "Shizu sent me this telegram." Reading it, he said, "Surely, she is a person of faith. She is quite a person." He was very impressed by her telegram. He explained the meaning of the passage and said, "Even Tohru died on the field of Battle, his death would never be useless..." My wife also grieved at his death very much. I sometimes come to Chicago and talk and question, "Why didn't the God listen to our prayer made every morning early at Heart Mountain?"

My wife once said in her confession, "By their death as sacrifices, the position of us Issei has become what it is today. Because they volunteered, joined the 442 Battalion and fought, and died for this country, the position of Issei has changed into what it is now. Not only Tohru but a lot of Nisei who joined the 442 Battalion sacrificed their lives, being loyal to the United States, and volunteered to fight for the country although American people didn't notice them. Because of this, Issei gained the right of naturalization, the right to land, and our position changed. We have to thank for their sacrifices. Although their death which was the God's will was very painful to us, we have to thank Him, because the Lord did this in order to change our position."

And I truly agree. Without their sacrifices, the position of the Japanese people in this country would have never changed into what it is now. I once heard about the Texas Regiment. It was on October 30, 1909^{2,} that the Regiment was rescued from the mountain by Japanese, and it was the previous day of the rescue day that Tohru was killed--on October 29. With one more day, he could have gone up to the top of the mountain and met the soldiers of the Regiment. He was almost getting to it, but sorry to say he could not make it. He was killed in action on October 29. When I went to Texas, I heard some storied happened after this incident. A Japanese was arrested because of speeding, but the people over there said, "It isn't necessary to arrest the Japanese because of speeding. Owing to the Japanese, the Texas Regiment was rescued safely. Without the Japanese 442 Regiment, the Texas Regiment would have been completely wiped out.

About 400 to 500 soldiers had been pushed up to the top of the mountain, but they were safely rescued by the Japanese Regiment and are still living. I heard that the people in Texas were very kind to Japanese and welcomed us warmly. I think that we really have to thank their sacrifices for what we are now.

At that time, some people were criticizing about them volunteering, but we owe them for what our position has changed. There is an association named "Gold Star" in Seattle for the parents of those who were killed in Battle. Every Memorial Day, this year it is on 27th, all the members of Gold Star get together and hold a ceremony. I am the president of the Gold Star now. We don't have many members. There used to be 25 to 25 people, but they are gradually passing away. The other day, two of them were deceased. Since the members are very old -- I am in 80's and some are in 90's --, they are passing away little by little and at present we have only 17 to 18 members. On Memorial Day, we have a ceremony at the Volunteer Park in which there is a monument for Nisei. Please visit the place. The monument was for the 500,000 people who died in battle.

The ceremony starts at 10 O'Clock in the morning at the monument. I invite the members at 6 O'Clock to get together, and talk their memories and console each other. Every time I put on a wall the flag that was used to cover the casket of Tohru sent from France. It is a 48 -star flag, an old style flag, and under it, we have dinner, pray together, and solace each other. You may think that it isn't necessary to put the notice of this meeting in newspapers, because the number of the members is so small that I can

handle it by calling them. But I always pay quite a bit of money on advertising this meeting. Today also I took the notice to a newspaper company, and advertised it, saying; Please come and get together again on the Momorial Day, May 27th. We are going to have a dinner meeting. Since I pay the advertising fee, the company also puts the article about the meeting on the paper. Everybody ahs already forgotten about the sacrifices the Nisei had made, about how the situation was at that time. 30 years have passed. In order to remind people about this, I put the advertisement on the paper. And the company writes the article for me: "The members of Gold Star are getting together again on the Memorial Day, May 27th, to have a meeting. They are going to dine together, pray in front of the American Flag, and promote mutual friendship." Since I pay the fee of the advertisement, they write the article. They also put the news of the meeting later in the paper. Some ask me why I do such a thing. Since it has been so long -- 30 years -- that people tend to forget the Nisei's sacrifices.

Owing to the atonement of their blood, Issei have become able to get the right of Citizenship today and America has changed. It may look silly, but on Memorial Day we get together. We are old, some can't walk or see well, so somebody has to provide

transportation. Fortunately, Bettu (?) people take care of us very well. They pick us up, take us to the place, and drive us back. Please check Mr. Yamaguchi, who is gathering all the pictures of us starting from the evacuation days. He is editing the slides of the time when the casket was sent from France, and my wife may be in the film. He is also gathering from all over the places the pictures of the shacks of the camps and so on.

On this coming Memorial Day, we are to see those pictures. His name is Jack Yamaguchi. He is collecting very hard the pictures of old days so that people won't forget the sacrifices of Nisei. He would be glad to show you those pictures whenever you would like to, if I call him and ask. If you have time before leaving for California, please see the films once. He has quite a few good pictures including the shacks of the camps.

He'll show you any time. He and his wife are very nice to us. Luncheons for old men are being held with some help from the government at Bettuin Kaikan (Buddhist social Hall) and dinners are served. If it is somebody's birthday, the birthday cake is baked for him. About 20 to 30 members are having dinner there every day. "You also have to come once," but I haven't been there yet. Mrs. Yamaguchi is one of

the hostesses, who invite Issei old men and women and cook dinner for them. The funds are provided by the government or somewhere else.

Q: So you came back home from the camp, didn't you?

A: I had been renting my house to a person, and he took good care of the house. He is Hakujin (white person). Once every summer, he comes to Seattle and visits me, calling "Hi, Mr. Seike!" He lives in Idaho. He kept the house in good order, while the person I had rented my nursery when I left cut all the trees and sold them. He didn't pay the rent. All the trees were cut down and sold, grass was grown thick and wild, and rabbits and other animals were all over the place. When I came back, I requested him to pay the rent. He made various excuses and didn't seem like paying me, so I asked the government to press him for the return of the money for me.

When I was leaving, I leased my nursery to the gardener who used to come to my place to buy plants before and my house to another person. The house was kept in good condition, but the nursery was made a mess. He sold all the plants there, and didn't pay the rent. And I couldn't do anything. He might have paid me some, but most of the rent wasn't paid. My house was in good order, so we came in. Some things

were gone. My house had a basement, a main floor, and a second floor. The person whom I rented my house rented the second floor to a person, and the basement to another person. In the closet of the basement, I had put my various belongings such as a typewriter before I left. The man who rented my house and lived on the main floor wasn't a person who stole things, but the man whom he rented the basement broke the door of the closet open and stole the typewriter. When Tohru visited Seattle during his vacation, I asked him to go to my house and pick it up, and he found out it was already gone. The children's skis and some other things in the closet were also gone, but the government paid me for the damage. That's about it, I suppose.

Q: When your second son was leaving the camp, volunteering a ceremony was held, wasn't it? What did some people say behind you?

A: We were sitting and seeing the volunteers off to battle fields with trumpets and an orchestra playing the American National Anthem, then some people shouted behind me, "You, stupid, volunteered while your parents are in the concentration camp!" They meant for us who had accepted our children's volunteering. Although they understand us today, but at that time those who were loyal to America were ill-treated.

Q: Was it in the cap of Heart Mountain?

A: This happened in every camp, but the Camp at Tule Lake was the hardest. The person living near my place now said once that he would not have sent his only son to the war even if he had been put in jail, although he understands us today. Some sent their sons to farms from the camp so that they didn't have to goto war. They tried to put their sons to as safe a place as possible, while some other sons including mine volunteered, saying, "We'll fight for our country, since we are Americans." Not only my son but also the 442 members from Hawaii served their country greatly, rushing to rescue the Texas regiment. While I would like to know more details about the battle from the boy who used to fight with Tohru, but I can't, since I'm afraid of my tears falling. This boy knows Tohru very well. Thinking of this, he helps us "Gold Star" a great deal. At that time, a lot of caskets were beeing sent back from France and Italy, and he used to go and get them for us. He is still doing his best for "God Star."

Every Momorial Day, I put the American Flag, although it is quite worn out, on the wall, and dine and pray with "God Star" members. Without their sacrifices, we couldn't have gotten what we have now.

Q: It was said that Rev. Daisuke had been beaten.

Where did this happen?

A: It was in the camp of Tule Lake. And where was he evacuated from Tule Lake? (He went to the East.) When we were in Tule Lake, I found Rev. Kitagawa a wife. She was a daughter of Mr. Sumimoto who is working for a newspaper company in Chicago now. Then I reported this to Mr. Daisuke in Chicago.

Rev. Kitagawa had his own church, the Episcopal Church, in White River. He worked very hard and the members of the church greatly increased. During the war, he used to visit my church, a Presbyterian Church to talk with Rev. Kodaira, the pastor of the church then, while he was in the pastor's hall at night. He stayed up late at night, talking with Rev. Kodaira. And FBI men were always following and watching his car. When he was calling the telephone was disconnected. I said to Rev. Kodaira, "Rev. Kodaira, we don't know what is going to happen to us, we may become unable to eat."

I used to take him rice, onions, vegetables, and so on, saying, "If we become unable to make a living, these things may become useful. So keep them safe." So anyway, Rev. Kitagawa used to visit him at the pastor's residence at night all the way from White River, and FBI men followed his car, making

themselves nasty. He was no person that did spying, but they were very hard on us at that time. Fortunately, I wasn't involved in Nihonjin-Kai (Japanese Organization) or anything like that, while my friends were arrested and sent to remote places. I was doing my store business and wasn't doing such activities. Spying was prohibited, and FBI was strictly following and investigating such persons. Mr. Kitagawa was also followed by them all the time.

Q: Issei came to this country single, didn't they? Since they were young and single, were their livings wild?

A: Single?

(Mrs. Seike) They came here as a single, so there were gambling places here, and...

It was a long time ago. It was old men of Issei that were bad, while young Issei weren't. There used to be a club called Tohyoh Club, and they gambled there and robbed money of people. Some villans murdered, and immoral things were happening then. It was the elder Issei that were bad. They built a gambling place, and threatened people to come to Tohyoh Club, a Japanese place, to gamble instead of going to Chinsese gambling places.

The building where Bushi Garden is now used to be Tohyoh Club in those days, and I had my store near the place. I used to go to the Club, being asked by the workers to get Bakkape, that is a lottery for gambling when I went to the place on business. They didn't let ordinary people in the building. There was a window which you could see things from inside, while you couldn't from outside, and the door only opened to those whom they knew. I was often asked by the people in the country to get Bakkape for them. There were those who won some thousands dollars.

(Mrs. Seike) That's why he is asking you if Issei who was single did such immoral things.

In those day, it was wild. It was 65 to 66 years ago that I came to this country, and in Seattle, prostitution houses were still existed.

Q: Were they operated by Japanese?

A: No, Japanese weren't operating them. Hakujin were running the houses. Before, there used to be Japanese prostitutes, but the time when I came to this country, 65 years ago or so, there weren't any Japanese one. Then they gradually decreased the number, but the time when I had just gotten here, I used to see ladies in red clothes in the houses. It was wild then, 67 to 68 years ago. Because of the gold rush in

Alaska, Seattle was rolling in Money. It was 70 to 80 years ago that gold was started to be panned rapidly in Alaska, and the people began to come to Seattle with a lot of money and spend it like water. Among them, there were some bad Japanese.

Q: You went to Japan to marry, didn't you? When you got married and came back here, were there many couples of Shashin-Kekkon (marriage through pictures)?

A: This Shashin-Kekkon was comparatively successful, but some couples failed...

Q: I heard that there were quite a few troubles happened, because they realized, after getting to this country, that the persons were different from the pictures they had received.

A: (Mrs. Seike) This was quite a long time ago, wasn't it?

Yes, I know quite a few stories. Some picture brides found out that their husband turned out to be an old man, and some of them went back to Japan. Anyway, there were so many troubles. Of course it was natural that this happened, because they only saw the pictures and came to America to find out that their husband was different from what they had imagined in Japan.

Some brides ran away with younger men, too. Some escaped into a Christian home and didn't marry. Since it was unreasonable to force her to get married, some Christian home supported her.

Q: Did you have a good friend of Hakujin?

A: No, not specially, but I had a very good lawyer and helped me a lot. He, Mr. Kirk, deceased already, though. Since I didn't know English well, I spoke broken English to him, but he did everything for me, especially on my real estate problems with the owner. Without him, I should have forfeited the land. "Mr. Seike is trying very hard, so please understand him and be patient with him," said he with one hundred dollars or so and the intest. The owner of the land was an Italian, and they knew each other well. With his great help, I was able to keep the land to the end.

Q: It was quite miraculous that the person came to you and asked you to let him bury his silver dollars, wasn't it?

A: It was a miracle. People would not believe it even if I told this story, and say, "It shouldn't be true!"

Q: He had one thousand dollars in silver dollars, didn't he?

A: Yes, he did. When he lent me the money, it wasn't in silver dollars. I don't know what he did to them.

Since he didn't know how long he would be in the camp, it would not do if it was in notes, because they could get rotten. It was against the law that he put the silver dollars in the bank in those days. I was really thankful for that. None of my friends knew that I was financially in trouble. Only my wife and I knew it. "What shall I do?" "Well, some way would open to me." we talked like that. This was about a few months before evacuation, and I was thinking, "I can manage somehow, since it is a small amount."

I had been pumping up water since water hadn't been supplied then. When I was in the concentration camp, about 2 years later, the pipe line of city water was laid on. The lawyer said, "It costs you this much for water supply assessment. Is it all right for you?" "It's O.K. please have water supplied." I had been putting the rent money in my lawyer's account. When I came back, he said, "You've got this much of interest now." "Oh, I'll give you the interest," and I didn't receive it. I said, "Since you took good care of everything for me, I'll give the interest to you." I had been paying the assessment with the rent money accumulated. Fortunately, I was able to come back home early.

My front has 300 feet. I purchased such a bad conditioned land. There used to be a main road to Tacoma in front of my place, and it was a big mountain. I had it cut open, cleared, and built a huge house without thinking of the problems I would have in the future. I must have been very bold, being young. Today it has become quite a place where an airport is near. My two sons are doing nursery business there. When I came back from the camp, I transferred it to my sons' name and got retired. So my eldest and the third sons are running the nursery now. Please visit my place onee.

Q: Were there 5 places or so that were confiscated because of the reason that Issei had purchased them?

A: I wonder how many places, but I bet there were more than 5 places.

Q: Was there any person who sued the case at a court?

A: No, there wasn't any, because the anti-Japanese movement was going on pretty strong. There was no use of trials.

Q: In California, the same things happened; one in San Diego and one in Napa area. The Issei who had to do with Nichibei Times got together and made up a defense team. I heard that they won the trial after that, nobody was confiscated land any more.

A: I don't remember exactly how many places were taken away here. Mr. Hirabayashi, Mr. Katsuno were doing a business together with a few other persons. Mr. Katsuno is still living and a member of the Methodist Church. Their land was confiscated.

(Mrs. Seike) Wasn't Mr. Irouchi taken away his land, too?

Mr. Irouch? No, he wasn't.

Q: When the Pearl Harbor was attacked, how did you feel?

A: Well, I couldn't guess what was going to happen.

When I was doing some farm work, I received a call. Pearl Harbor was attacked, and the Japanese people were prohibited to go out anywhere. Before the evacuation, we couldn't go out farther than 5 miles from home. My house was 15 miles away from Seattle, so I couldn't go to the city. When I was evacuating, I had to buy golden plates and some other necessary things at a neighbor town, which used to be a small country town although it is a big town now. It was called the Five-Mile Law. Before the law was established, and when we still had our store, I was driving to the store every morning. When I had some trouble with my car on the way, I was so worried if I would be beaten by people. Over the Bowling building area, quite a few balloons were sent up. They were

huge. They were for the purpose of catching the fighter planes from Japan. Buildings were camouflaged. The roof top of the Bowing building and some others were covered with nets so that they couldn't be seen from above.

Quite a few huge balloons with cable were sent up and floating over the city. They did something so that the bombs could be caught in wires in case the fighters bombed. I felt uncomfortable when I was passing under them. I was really cautious when I went to the city. This was before the five-mile Law was established. More and more of my friends were being arrested rapidly. They were put in the Immigration Office first, and then sent to some remote place like Texas. In order to prepare for the worst, I put the necessary things in a suitcase so that I would be ready anytime I were arrested. Fortunately I wasn't arrested, I was only evacuated instead.

Q: Have you been told something or persecuted directly by Hakuji?

A: No, I haven't. I was in constant fear lest I should have been sent a letter from the Public Procurator Department concerning confiscating my land. Fortunately, nothing happened to it and I was able to keep the land. Today, my two sons are doing very well with it, which is now a big nursery,

thanks to their father who suffered greatly from the debts and poverty. They don't understand all these hardships even if I tell them.

Q: What kind of feeling do you have toward Sansei?

A: Sansei are quite something. It is very hard to imagine for us how clever Sansei are. They are really clever.

Q: Some Sansei are very proud of their being Japanese. Do you think it a good thing?

A: Yes, I think it is very good. Nisei don't think that way, maybe because their parents suffered from poverty so much, while Sansei understand us. Nisei know their parents' hardships and poverty, though. But they aren't like Sansei. I hear that this is also true in California.

Q: Yes, it is. What would you like to teach Sansei as a Issei, a Japanese?

A: Well, I don't have any particular wish...

Q: What do you think are good traditions of the Japanese people?

A: Being diligent, being honest, and being a hard worker, the hardships Issei experienced are something else.

(Mrs. Seike) I wish them to be honest. With honesty, you can go anywhere, and people look at you with respect. It is no good to cheat. I think that homes have a great influence on children. If the home is good, the children would be also good. Hakujin do divorce often while Nisei don't so often. Divorces affect children the worst.

Q: Does the home become rough?

A: (Mrs. Seike) Hakujin often do divorce, and all the children brought up in such a home are not good. Therefore, it is the parents that affect the nature of the children. Don't you think so?

Q: Mrs. Seike, what did you suffer the most?

A: (Mrs. Seike) It was during the depression period.

Q: Was it in 1930's?

A: (Mrs. Seike) Yes, it was. It lasted quite a long period of time. My husband was still young, then. He was working hard to earn money so that he could provide his children with good education and bring them up fine persons. Bringing them up buying the land and building the house came all at once. Without the depression, we would have been able to make the payment every month and the conditions would have become better. The depression was awfully severe.

Q: Was that the time that he had to abandon 20,000 dollars or so on business?

A: I couldn't receive payments from my customers on business, but it was during the evacuation period.

~~Q: When was that that you suffered the most?~~

A: Like my wife mentioned, it was the time when we were in poverty... It was after the war broke out. I had my house built, didn't have enough money to make a payment on the land, had my children to bring up, and was out all the time on business.

Since I was also running the store selling groceries, they could have brought groceries or some money to her if she had called the store. But she was so modest and honest that she couldn't call the store up to ask for these things. She was concerned about my debts from the store. Therefore she didn't have even pocket money. I was a travelling salesman, and didn't come back for 2 weeks or so. Once I left for some remote place. I guess she was sometimes run out of firewood to cook, and went out into a mountain to cut wood with her little sons who are now doing nursery business, carrying a wagon. I said to her once, "You could have called the store, and they would have brought some money, since I was out on business." She said, "No!"

Anyway, Issei worked on a farm carrying their baby on the back. Issei came to this country with an empty pocket, with only 50 dollars for guarantee money to pass the immigration office. We had nothing--no relatives, no friends. We have accomplished this far starting from scratch, struggling. It is very hard to imagine Issei's struggles and efforts.

We used to work very very ahrd, like grinding our body into powder. Thus we could build the foundation like it is today. Nisei, except some, don't understand our struggles. Issei's efforts were quite something. Having worked very diligently, we could make Hakujin understnad that the Japanese people were very honest. We worked very ahrd. Then we had children while we were suffering from poverty. We were running a grocety store, and we ahd a customer in the country. She said, "We have so many children that we are having difficulty to make a living. Please, Mr. Seike, send us some more rice." Being begged by her with tears, I couldn't refuse her. Her debt piled up to 100 dollars, to 200, then to 300 dollars. She was past caring, unable to make a living, and asked me for more rice and soy sauce, saying, "Otherwise, we are going to be starved to death."

Being a farmer in those days was such a misery.

The prices of the products were very low, and most

of the profit was taken away by businessmen when they shipped by consignment. The system in those days was quite different from what it is today, although I don't know anything about California. When they shipped strawberries, the merchant didn't pay them, telling that they were rotten. Japanese couldn't become anybody but farmers. It is recently that Nisei cut their way into the business world of Hakujin, get good jobs, do their business, on an equal footing with Hakujin.

In those days, farming was the only work for Japanese. It was lucky if the farming went well, but it was all over for them when strawberries or cantaloupes got rotten. We could not get any payment from such customers. We had some customers whom we could not get the loan of 700 to 800 dollars back. Thinking that we were lucky enough to be able to survive, I gave up on them. Thus they were able to bring up their children. I often complain to my wife, "I used to support and help that young man's mother, but he isn't grateful at all." When we came back from the evacuation, some customer said, "Mr. Seike, my children are now doing well, so come and get the money back. I'll talk to them and get it from them." If they intend to pay the debt off, I'll receive it, but since they don't, I just forget it and make sacrifice. I gave it in to my fate and suffered a

great deal of loss. Fortunately, I was able to feed and support my family, bringing up my children. We had good customers at our store. They bought goods from our store and paid us regularly. With these customers, we were able to run the store. We had bad customers, on the other hand. Of course it was we that were wrong, loaning money to such bad persons.

Q: When you went to the camp, you still had the books, didn't you?

A: Yes, I did, and I still have the books of those days. Since they get in the way, my sons say, "Burn them, they are useless now." But I can't throw them away yet. One time, an university asked me to show them the books, since they couldn't find anybody who had to books of a Japanese corporation. I had them. We had our own book-keeper at our store, and there were 5 big books. They asked me to show those, took them to the university, did some research on them, and returned them in a box. I am keeping them in the box. Our store was an business corporation, and we kept very prcise books, since our book-keeper was my partner who was very conscientious. I just can't throw them away. Sometimes I was asked for them. One time, the following thing happened. There was a stowaway from Japan, and he was working ina saw-mill. There was a low of the immigration office that the

stowaway what had been in the country for more than certain years could be free. This man couldn't find a person who could prove it. I had been doing my business with him quite a long time. He is now living in Tacoma. He said, "Mr. Seike, I had had dealings with you before that year. Do you have the record that proves it?" I checked into it. He didn't have his own family then, but his name was listed in the book called "Tsuke-gom" which means loan. He had taken passage in secret, he changed his name. But the record that he had had dealing with me was kept in the books. I said, "I have the record that you bought goods from our store on this day in such and such year."

"That's a very good news! I'll tell my lawyer at once," he said. I said, "I'll prove it for you when an investigator comes." Thus I was able to help him just because I kept the books. He sends me soy sauce every Christmas. Thus I still have the five big books. I can't throw them away yet. I think of burning them, but I can't do that, either. I am often told, "They are in the way. Get rid of them." Sometimes I look up the books and say to myself, "I was tricked by him with his tears....," since his account was put in D.C. (a dead account in the books. "I helped him supporting his family and bringing his children -- I did good deeds for the Japanese people -- so that's

all right, even we suffered from the loss. We forget those ungrateful people." It is silly, but I still have the books, unable to throw away.

(Mrs. Seike) He sometimes takes out the books and says such a thing. I say to him, "Forget the things of long time ago, and burn up the books."

(Mr. Seike) You may burn them up when I die.

(Mrs. Seike) Yes, yes, I'll do that the first.

Q: When you die, you can give them to a university. They will keep them. It's an awful mistake that you throw away such a valuable things.

A: One time, they came to take a stenograph of my life from a university. What was his name?

(Mrs. Seike) He was the person who had the similar purpose to yours. He said, "I would like to record your life story, so please tell me."

(Mr. Seike) He visited me with a recorder and I talked quite a while.

Q: How long did you talk then?

A: It wasn't so long as this interview. He said that he would let me hear it anytime.

(Mrs. Seike) He came back once to let us listen to it.

(Mr. Seike) Yes, he let me hear it once so that I could see what I had talked about. I can imagine that you have interviewed various people at various places such as California. How do you think of my story?

Q: I have interviewed 70 people already, but every person's story is different from others'. It's just amazing. Even I interviewed 1,000 people, their stories would be different from others'. The each person's hardships differ from the others'. Those who worked as farmers had their own difficulties, while those who did businesses had their own hardships. Also they are different from place to place.

A: In my life, the death of my second son at the battle was the biggest experience. I hadn't awoke to Christianity, with his death, I finally awoke and realized that I should not be like that. I felt conscious-stricken for his soul, having been living without awakening. I had been living aimlessly, and hardly worked for the church or God. When he died, I thought, "I shouldn't live like this. The Lord is always with me. I shouldn't bring his sacrifice to naught." After his death in battle, my way of thinking has changed. I began to think that I should work for the people, the church, the people in trouble,

the sick, and some others who need help, visiting them to console. Until last year, I was in the whole charge of the department of visitation and mission (in our church) and did inquiries. Rev. Noji said, "Mr. Seike, you are getting older, so I am going to ask younger people to do this task." And a younger person is working as the chairman of the department of mission starting this year. I have done visitation and missionary work very hard for quite a while as the minister knows. I am living in the country and already 86 years old. Thus my sons and also an insurance company are hard on my driving a car. "Papa, you are no good, driving around from place to place!" And I agree, because I am have an accident, being old and slow in reaction.

The insurance company is very ahrd on my driving. "Papa, you can't have an insurance any more," says my sons. Thus I am driving carefully, and I am not driving any more at night and when it's raining. Since the minister knows this, a few young people were assigned to the department this year, and they are visiting sick people now. Before, I, by myself, used to visit sick people, the people in trouble and the people who couldn't attend church.

Since the young people are doing these things, my driving time was decreased. The price of gasoline increased, too. It is 15 miles from here to the church. They say, "Mr. Seike, you attend the kito-kai (prayer meeting) and the Sunday worship services so often without absence!" Since I am

Q: Could we let scholars, students, and some other people hear this tape when they ask us?

A: Yes, you can.

Q: This is probably be published later. (explaining literary property right)

A: The only thing I would like to tell strongly is that the sacrifices those Nisei and made changed the position of Issei in this country greatly. Without their sacrifices, we would not be where we are today.

Q: Would you sign this paper? It is May 20, today.

A: Yes. Please visit my place once.

Q: Thinking of all these things, your heart is full of deep emotion, isn't it? Issei have been through the mill, indeed.

A: I heard that the people in California made a trip to Tule Lake. That's because they have a lot of memories there. I would like to visit Heart Mountain. I can't help remembering the scene when I saw my son off, saying "Bye-bye" to him who was on a train,

leaving. Indeed, we went through great difficulties.

(Mrs. Seike) Everybody did, didn't he?

(Mr..Seike) Yes, everybody did, including the people in California. I remember of the prayers we made at the rock hill of Heart Mountain. Although the Lord didn't listen to our prayer, it must have been his will.

Q: Thank you very much for your contributions.